



### Stories of Our Little Folks

**A Birthday Party.**  
Dear Happy: I am going to tell you about a birthday party a lady gave for her little girl and a little boy friend. It was in the summer time when it was pretty and little folks could play out doors.

They had two big yards to play in for the party. The neighbors and their friends had a big table in their back yard with a large birthday cake in the center and lots of other good things on it. In the adjoining yard they had one plum tree on the south side, three cherry trees on the north side, an olive tree on the east side. On the olive tree they had lives tied on by cord. On the plum tree there were lollipops and on two cherry trees there were balloons and the third was loaded with fans.

The girls had the fans and the balloons for their prizes and in the other yard trees loaded with balls were prizes for the boys.

A box of candy tied with blue ribbon was given to the girl for her birthday gift and one tied with pink ribbon, the boy for his.

When it was time to eat each child was given a plate and led to these trees and each one picked something from each tree.

Then we were taken to the table where we had ice cream and cake.

It was a lovely party, the nicest one I was ever at—Harriet Daly, Aged 9, 2625 Orchard St., Lincoln, Neb.

**The Poor Dead Robin.**  
Once last summer Lester and my cousin, Robert, went out fishing. We caught a bullhead and a mud turtle. We took our dinner with us. We had eggs, cookies and bread. Robert threw some bread in the water and the fish came and ate it. Robert said, "I am going to have a fish." He put his line by the bread but did not catch anything. At 5 o'clock we started home. When we were about half way home Robert saw something beside the road. He went over and saw that it was only a poor dead Robin.

We walked on further but I said, "wait lets go back and get it and bury it." We went back and got it. Then when we got home Robert said, "I believe that Robin has brought us good luck."—Marion Hicks, Aged 10, Box No. 127, Meadow Grove, Neb.

**Reads Happilyland.**  
Dear Happy: I want to join the Go-Hawks. This is my first letter to you. I am in the fifth grade at school. My teacher's name is Miss Lucy Tilford. I go to Platte Valley school. The school house has two rooms in it, but we are building a new one.

Inclosed you will find a 2-cent stamped envelope. Please send me the button. I have eight pets, five cats, two dogs and a horse. The cats' names are Tiger, Flow, Floxy, Blue and Blue Bell. The dogs' names are Buty and Teddie, and the horse's name is Van. I like to read your page. As soon as I get home I take the paper and open it up to your page and never stop until I read it all. I also like the funnies. I hope that some of the tribe will write to me.—Jeanne Crab, Aged 9, Route 1, North Platte, Neb.

**A New Reader.**  
Dear Happy: I would like to join the Go-Hawks' Happy Tribe. I am 14 years old. This is my first letter to the Happy Land. As we haven't taken the Omaha Bee only a week this is the first time I could become a member of the Happy club. Enclosed a 2-cent stamp and membership coupon. Must close as my letter is getting long. As ever, yours truly, Edith Archer, Papillion, Neb.

**Wishes to Join.**  
Dear Happy: I am 11 years old and in the sixth grade at school. My teacher's names are Miss Rys and Miss Swoboda and Miss Carlson. I go to Central building school. I am enclosing the 2-cent stamp and coupon and a letter. I wish to have my button. I wish some of the Happy Tribe would write to me, and I would gladly answer. Goody—Mildred Elliott, age 11, Plattsmouth, Neb.

**Likes Her Button.**  
Dear Happy: I received my pin and thought it was very pretty. I have a pet cat and dog, but they fight each other. I have a brother in the fourth grade, aged 9, and a sister in the seventh grade, aged 13. Well, I must close. I wish some of the Happy Tribe would write to me. Yours truly,—Ada Luedke Box 208, Fort Morgan, Colo.

**Likes Her Button.**  
Dear Happy: I received my button a few days ago. We came to school yesterday and the stoye smoked so badly we could not stand it and Miss Hurley the teacher, dismissed the school. I wish some of the girls would write to me. Yours truly, —Inez A. Kennedy, Aged 10, Franklin, Neb.

### To Give Is the Most Fun of All.

Many of the Go-Hawks, I am sure, know the story of George Washington and his cherry tree, but it is possible that some of you, at least, have not heard the story of George and his apple orchard. Since Washington's birthday is this week, why not gather round me and listen to the story? Some of you are pushing to get as near as you can, but even if you cannot all sit right next to Happy, if you sit very, VERY still then every one will be able to hear the story.

You all know how much you love to go walking with father and what it means to you on a sunny day when he comes early from the office and says: "Who wants to go for a tramp with me?" This is probably the way little George felt when Mr. Washington suggested that fine morning long ago that he and his son go for a walk together. George and his father started out hand in hand, and in a short time came to an orchard, and what a wonderful sight it was. On the green grass below the trees were many, many apples with shining, rosy cheeks, and yet the branches on the trees above were also heavy with the fruit.

"Now, George," said the father, "look, my son, see all this rich harvest of fruit. Do you remember when your good cousin brought you a fine, large apple last spring and how you refused to divide it with your brothers? And yet I told you then, that if you would be generous, God would give you plenty of apples in this autumn."

Little George had no reply to make to his father, for he was very much ashamed as he remembered. He hung his head and with his little bare feet scratched in the sand.

"Now, look up, my son," continued the father, "and see how the blessed God has richly provided us with these trees loaded with apples—the finest of fruit. See how abundant is the harvest. Some of the trees are bending with their weight, while all the ground about is covered with mellow apples, far more than you could eat, my son, in a lifetime."

Little George looked thoughtfully at the beautiful orchard, watched the busy humming bees and listened a moment to the gay notes of the birds. Then he answered sadly, as his eyes filled with tears: "Truly, father, I will never be selfish any more."

Happy has thought of this little story so many, many times the past few years as the never-ending generosity of the Go-Hawks always ready to share with children who need their help. That is why their giving is certain to bring as much joy to them as it surely does to the children who receive.

Little George was afraid long years ago if he gave his apple or even part of it away that there would be none left for himself. Perhaps there are children who feel that way about giving, and yet we are all learning this is not true. If you ever doubt it, think of George Washington, his apple and the orchard full of apples that was waiting, although he did not know it. My Go-Hawks are learning, as many grown-ups have never learned the joy of giving. Every day proves this to be true. Not only have you given pennies when needed but smiles and unselfish little kindnesses to those about you. No one knows this better than your

**Fairy Grotto Plays.**  
By EMILIE BLACKMORE STAPP and ELEANOR CAMERON.  
Last week in our Fairy Grotto play Mr. February Thaw chased the wicked witch out of the grotto, home of Mike and Silvers. There were strange happenings, as you shall see, when Jelf, the love elf of the Happy Forest, appears. Our February play is called

"Mr. February Thaw,"  
(Continued from Last Sunday.)

**MIKE.**  
My papers are all sold.  
The new—and, yes—the old.  
I'm rid of every big stone;  
And had lots of fun.  
Selling the old ones, too—  
As they were very new.

(Mike walks over and snatches the sack from Silvers' shoulder and looks into it.)

That's what you ought to do.

**SILVERS.**  
(With sorrow in his voice.)  
You know that is not square.  
I don't know how to make  
To sell old stuff for new.  
When you know it's not true.

**JELF.**  
(Bowing low.)  
Good evening! Mike and Silvers.

**MIKE.**  
(Crossly.)  
You need not try to preach.  
Nor think that you can teach  
My anything, you big stone;  
Be honest! What's the use?  
(Mike walks angrily around the room and Silvers looks frightened at the storm he has caused. He throws himself down on the bunk in the corner with his face toward the wall. Flute is heard playing just outside the windows. Before the boys recover from their surprise at the unexpected sound, the door opens and in steps Jelf, the Happy Tribe's love elf.)

**JELF.**  
(Bowing low.)  
Good evening! Mike and Silvers.

**JELF.**  
(Bowing low.)  
Good evening! Mike and Silvers.

Whether the world is blue or rosy depends on the kind of spectacles we wear. It's our glasses, not the world, that needs attention.

There is only one way to be happy and that is to make somebody else so.—Sidney Smith.

### Dot Puzzle

This — says, "Trace to seventy-three. Procure some paints and color me." Complete the picture by drawing a line through the dots, beginning with one and taking them numerically.

## The Teenie Weenies

BY WILLIAM DONAHEY

**The Little People Give a Military Ball.**  
For several days there was an air of mystery among the rosbush where the Teenie Weenies lived. Every one knew that something was going to happen, but not a single Teenie Weenie knew just what it was, or at least those who did know wouldn't tell. The General and the Lady of Fashion knew something about the matter, but the rest of the small folks could get mighty little satisfaction out of them.

"I'll bet it's a surprise party," suggested the Turk one evening as several of the little people sat around the fireplace in the shoe house discussing the matter.

"Hope it's something to eat," put in the greedy Dunc.

"Maybe it's a dance!" cried the Clown.

"That's just what it is! It's a fool dance! A no account fool dance!" exploded Grandpa so violently his tiny nose turned a deep purple. "The Lady of Fashion has been sneakin' around here sewing on a lot of fuzzy stuff and singin' around all the time,



just the way she always does when she's goin' to a fool dance."

"Well, you can just bet your last thimble full of salt 'n' not goin' to stuff myself in any old dress suit just to go to a dance," said the Dunc. "That is, unless they're goin' to have something to eat."

"That's always the way with women," cried Grandpa. "They want

### The Trail of the Go-Hawks

**SYNOPSIS.**  
The Go-Hawks, a jolly crowd of boys who play Indian, invite the twins, Prudence and Pauline, to join their Tribe. Two of the meetings being sorrow to the girls and after the last one Prudence and Pauline decide to leave the Tribe. The Go-Hawks miss the squaws and decide something must be done. So their chief is sent as a messenger to tell the twins the 14 Go-Hawk braves are at their command and will play anything the girls wish. Prudence suggests a girl's riding and she and Jack plan for the event.

**NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.**

(Continued from Last Sunday.)  
The child pucker her brows thoughtfully. "I tell you, Let's have the wedding outdoors right here," she added, excitedly running over to a large oak tree. "I can see it all, Jack. I went to a wedding with Aunt Sallie last winter and so I can play it grand. We'll put our seats over here and all the other dolls who aren't anything can sit there."

"What'll I be?"

"Oh, you must be the minister. Patience and I can sit on the front seat and cry and cry like Mrs. Thompson did. Lillie and her father can ride up the aisle in the old express wagon and I'll be drawn by an inky black steed, that's Napoleon, you know. He can be hitched up and have a plume in his hair like the horses wore at that big funeral. I thought that looked perfectly stylish."

"How you plan things," interrupted Jack.

"Yes, and that isn't half," she answered complacently. "We'll want to have a band. They can sit up in the cherry tree so's the music can float. Donald can play his mouth harp and Ginger can pound his drum. They can play some hymns and coon songs. Won't it be grand?" The child's eyes fairly danced.

"How'll you get the groom there?" asked the chief.

"We haven't a groom yet, but I guess we can get one by Saturday

and my auntie can dress him. I guess he'd better ride with Lillie and her father."

"What'll Piggy do?"

"Piggy can ring the sleigh-bells when we come out of church."

"It isn't winter," objected Jack.

"Well, I know it, but this is the Episcopal church and bells must ring and the carriages come and the

The orchestra brought in their instruments and while they played the Teenie Weenie national march the General, with the Lady of Fashion, led the little guests out on the floor where the dance began.

The Lady of Fashion was dressed in a wonderful gown of soft yellow spider web silk, trimmed in brown caterpillar fur, and she caused many tiny hearts to pit-a-pat under their Sam Brown belts.

Tess Bone Guff wore a dress of purple and blue trimmed in yellow

while the upper floor was scrubbed as clean as a pin and waxed until it was smooth as a mirror. A striped awning was put up over the front

dance all the time instead of havin' a nice quiet party. Why can't they be satisfied with a couple of sliced grapes and a few cookies and maybe a spellin' bee or some educational game like that? No, they've got to have a lot of expensive clothes and a couple of thimbles full of ice cream, and the old fellow shuffled off to the kitchen to get his bedtime cup of malted milk.

The Clown had made a lucky guess—it was a dance and a few days later each of the Teenie Weenies received a tiny invitation, written neatly in the hand of the Lady of Fashion.

Being a military ball, all the Teenie Weenie men must, of course, wear their army uniforms, and for several days there was much polish-

butterfly fuzz, while Mrs. Lover was gowned in a wonderful dress woven out of thistle-down. The other little Teenie Weenie ladies wore gowns equally as lovely, and with the bright uniforms of the little men it was a wonderfully pretty sight.

At 11 o'clock two thimbles full of ice cream and the huge cake were served, as well as half an English walnut and two almond nuts, which had been cut into small pieces and roasted with salt and butter.

Everybody agreed that the dance was the finest party ever given by the little folks but Grandpa, for all that old gentleman would say when they told him about it was "Bah!" (Copyright, 1922, by William Donahey.)

hew tree. If it rains we will have Lillie get married next Saturday. Jack's prudent forethought had suggested the last sentence.

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(To Be Continued.)

**A Lesson.**  
As my story starts abruptly I feel that an explanation is needed. Frances and Lorraine are chums. They have decided that they are brave enough to go out camping without letting anyone know. It was arranged to start Saturday and stay until Sunday afternoon.

At 6:30 Saturday morning the telephone rang at the Burion home, but was answered immediately by Frances.

"Oh, I thought you'd never call," exclaimed Frances.

"Well, it wasn't my fault, for Daddy got up to fix the fire and I couldn't get up then, but what's the use of explainin' now, of all times, we must be off! You read my list to see if I have everything? Then we'll meet at the park," ordered Lorraine.

"You should have one woolen blanket or cdr robe and myself one, your lunch, a pump for your bicycle, a tablet, a pencil, oh, yes, I can get Bob's wagon easier than I thought. Don't forget your book and, let me see, I believe that's all. I'll meet you right away at the park."

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She gathered up everything, even the iodine, bandages and all the little things that Lorraine would have forgotten had she been under the circumstances that Frances was in.

At last the wagon was hooked on the back of Frances' wheel and she was off to the park. They both reached their meeting place at the same time, so never stopped, but kept on going towards the woods.

"Oh, Lorraine, if you can possibly forgive me, do so, for I left a note on the table saying 'Dear everybody: Don't send anybody out after us, or

don't even worry, because we are safe—Lorraine and Frances."

"You're certainly a peach, Frances, for I wanted to leave a note telling mama not to worry, and I didn't know how to say it. I never would have thought of saying it that way."

"The conversation drifted from one thing to another until Lorraine glanced at her wrist watch and exclaimed: "Frances, would you believe without looking at your watch that it is 9 o'clock?"

"I certainly couldn't," agreed her chum. "But, hurrah! we're here! Isn't it wonderful? A brook 'n' everything. By the time we reach our tent it will be time to eat dinner, although I'm not a bit hungry, for I just stuffed myself before I came. Every I thought that we would eat everything up before we even got accustomed to our new home."

"Doesn't it sound funny to say 'pitch our tents'?" broke out Lorraine.

After the tent was pitched and two meals eaten, a book read, some corn popped, two tired girls crept into bed.

In about an hour Frances woke up and began to shake Lorraine.

"Oh, Lorraine, what's that?"

"For a minute both girls were puzzled, for sure enough, right there where the wagon stood was a light.

"Frances, what can it be?" sobbed Lorraine.

"The two girls sat up in bed and hugged each other, the only comfort they could possibly get.

"If we get home safe and nobody gets us after this, I'll tell mother every place we go," whispered Frances.

After they had gazed at it and the light didn't move they found courage enough to slowly creep out of bed and as they neared it Lorraine held her breath.

"It's only the flash light we left turned on so we wouldn't be afraid in the night; a good joke on ourselves."

When the light had been turned out, they went back to bed, after talking awhile and promising each other that they were going back home real early in the morning and telling mother only where they had been, they fell asleep.—By Marie

**MOTTO**  
"To Make the World a Happier Place."

**PLEDGE**  
"I promise to help some one every day. I will try to protect the birds and all dumb animals."

**SYMBOL**  
Indian Head for Courage.

Mother has some pie-crust left from the lemon pie she has made for dinner today, so she has put it into the icebox and she says that I may have it to make some cherry tarts for dessert on George Washington's birthday. Perhaps your mother will let you do the same. Here are the directions:

**CHERRY TARTLETS.**  
Flour the pastry board. Roll out your pie crust very thin and press into it little scalloped tins. Prick holes in the bottom to let the air in. Cut off the edges smoothly and bake till light brown. Just before you are ready to serve them, fill the shells with cherry jam. I am sure they will taste fine. POLLY.

**ANOTHER WAY TO BE A GOOD GO-HAWK**  
A good Go-Hawk is always truthful. He does not forget that one of the finest things in the world is to be known among his schoolmates and friends as one who does not fib. As it was with George Washington, he never stoops to tell a lie. So, remember, a good Go-Hawk is always truthful.

**Has a Pet Crow.**  
Dear Happy: I would like to join your tribe of Go-Hawks which I think is very nice. Enclosed find a 2-cent stamp. Please send me the official button. I am 8 years old and in the third grade. I will try very much to be a good Go-Hawk. I have a little dog, his name is Fritz. And I have a crow. He does not like me very well.—Kyle Taylor, Aged 8, 3912 North Twenty-first Street, Omaha, Neb.

**NUTS TO CRACK**  
BY BILLY SQUIDREL

What is the difference between a fisherman and a dunce.  
Answer—One baits his hook and the other hates his book.

How would you speak of a tailor when you did not remember his name.  
Answer—As Mr. So and So. (Sew and sew).

What three letters turn a girl into a woman?  
Answer—A-G-E.

What is it that gets longer when cut at both ends?  
Answer—A ditch.

**Coupon For HAPPY TRIBE.**  
Every boy and girl reader of this paper who wishes to join the Go-Hawks' Happy Tribe, of which James Whitcomb Riley was the First Big Chief, can secure his official button by sending a 2-cent stamp with your name, age and address with this coupon. Address your letter to "Happy" care this paper. Over 60,000 members!

**TINY TAD TALES**

Lillian had been following her mother about chattering every minute. Her mother was very busy and, not wishing to answer all the child's questions, pretended not to hear some of them. Finally the little girl said in disgusted tones:

"Oh, mother, I wish you had bigger ears, so you could hear everything I say."

Three-year-old Richard looked out of the window one morning and saw frost on his bicycle. Running to his mother, he exclaimed:

"Oh, mamma, there's frosting on my bicycle!"

Tracy, Aged 13, 1306 Park Avenue, Fremont, Neb.

Enclosed find a 2-cent stamp. I would like to join the Go-Hawks. My sister got a pin and she is being a true Go-Hawk. I think that I can do as well.